

Freedom's Jubilee.

BY ELIJAH W. SMITH.

An Ode in Commemoration of the Ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
The battle, the victory won;
Still is the field where the armies contended,
Night's shadows fade before Freedom's bright sun.

Long had we waited, in sorrow and anguish,
Gloom the future, and deep our despair;
Vainly for Freedom's dear boon did we languish,
Scorned were our pleadings, unanswered our prayer.

Voice unto voice in the darkness was calling,
"Watchman, in mercy, O tell of the night;
Are there no tokens that Liberty's morning
Ever shall dawn on our tear-burdened sight?"

And, when the shadow was darkest and deepest,
No bright star's rays our crushed spirit to cheer,
What light burst forth like the brilliant aurores,
What heaven-born music our raptured ears hear?

'Tis the watch-fires of Freedom, from hill to hill
Flashing;
'Tis Liberty's chorus so loud and so strong,
'Tis the shout of the free 'gainst the tyrant's
blade, clashing.

While lake, vale, and mountain the echoes
bring.

'Tis the bright bow of promise! O blest be the
token
It gives to the captive, now trembling with joy,
That never again shall the floods of Oppression
Ever cover the land and his freedom destroy.

God in His wrath to the nation hath spoken,
Lightnings have flashed and war's thunders
have rolled;
By His right hand have our fetters been broken,
And the dread knell of Oppression been tolled.

Shout, O my people, for Liberty's morning
Gildeth the mountains, illumines the vales,
All the broad land with its glory adorning,
Bidding you cease from your yearning and wails.

We have a country now, and a bright guidon,
Studded with stars on our pathway to shine,
It was the lever that lifted the burden,
Filling our souls with emancipated din.

Dear, we love it, the Star Spangled Banner,
Proudly we'll follow it 'e'en to death's door,
Guardian alike over cabin and manor,
Emblem of Freedom to us evermore.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
Glory to God! for the victory won,
Honor to those who the right have defended,
Through the long years since the conflict began.

O, may the prayers of those ready to perish
Quench the flames from harm like a girdle of fire!
Deep in our hearts their good deeds we'll cherish,
And to deserve them we'll ever aspire.

God! at Thine altar in thanksgiving bending,
Grant that our eyes Thy great goodness may see;
O, may Thy light, while the temple's veil rend-
ing,

Show, through its portals, the path of the Free.

COMMUNICATIONS.

All Articles appearing under this head are Original.

Celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment in the Fifteenth.

BY B. F. ROBERTS.

On Thursday last, the indications at early

noon told to those who were about, that some-
thing out of the ordinary course would be the
order of the day. Flags were thrown to the
breeze from the windows and roofs of many of
the dwellings of the colored inhabitants, and
here and there in the locality of the "west-
end" could be seen pedestrians in full military
uniform, or attired in a manner to show that
preparations were speedily advancing to the
completion of a grand celebration. At about
ten o'clock, on the arrival of the morning
trains, the streets in certain localities were
thronged by strangers, of all shades of color,
who came among us for the purpose of joining
in the celebration of the day. The procession,
under the marshaling of J. J. Smith, Esq., of
Boston, formed near the Public Garden, and was
composed of full delegations from various so-
cieties, returned soldiers of the 54th and 55th
Massachusetts regiments and five cavalry, and
a large number of civilians, representing
several cities and towns in the commonwealth;
and at twelve o'clock started, under escort of
"Second Battalion Massachusetts Volunteer
Militia," commanded by Major Gaul. This
battalion consists of two companies, "Shaw
Guards," Co. A, Captain Watkins, Boston;
"Schouler Guards," Co. B, Captain Furlong,
New Bedford. The soldier-like appearance of
the military elicited cheers from the populace
in many places as they passed along the route,
and much credit is due to Major Gaul as the
man who so satisfactorily conducted the long
and tedious march. Prominent in the procession
was the "Hancock Association" in car-
riages, under the marshaling of Samuel T.
Hancock—the carriage of its president, Rich-
ard S. Brown, Esq., a gentleman who has held
important positions in the Third Ward in this
city, (being once elected to the Common Council
by a majority of two votes, and cheered out of
it by some of our weak-kneed pretended
friends—for a long time a member of the
ward and city committee, and also Most Wor-
shipful Grand Master of Prince Hall Grand
Lodge), was drawn by four horses. Another
prominent feature in the procession was the
delegation of citizens of Cambridge, under the
marshaling of John J. Patal, Esq., with Cary's
Coronet Band; there were four or five carriages,
and about two hundred persons on foot. No
former procession in this or any other city has
ever turned out a better looking set of men than
this delegation from "Old Harvard."

Flags were flying from the cupola of the State
House, and one hundred guns were fired at
noon on Boston Common by order of his Excel-
lency Governor Claflin, who, with Secretary
Warren and Adjutant General Cunningham,
occupied carriages in the procession. Colonel
Hallowell, of the 54th regiment, Major Fox, a
number of captains and lieutenants, (including
two colored lieutenants—Retford and Depree),
marched at the head of the returned soldiers.
While the truth that all things are vain, a cir-
cumstance occurred in the arrangement which
showed that:

"Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet its snare."

Aged colored citizens were on foot and fati-
gued by the long march, and somebody must
have been accountable for providing a carriage
exclusively for the distinguished Thos. Rowan,
the ex-naturalization agent, to the disrespect of
old veterans who have spent nearly half a cen-
tury of their existence in our city, and by their
efforts helped frame and sustain the party that
has been so successfully instrumental in ac-
complishing this great event.

Freedom's Jubilee.

BY ELIJAH W. SMITH.

An Ode in Commemoration of the Ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
The battle, the victory won;
Still is the field where the armies contended,
Night's shadows fade before Freedom's bright sun.

Long had we waited, in sorrow and anguish,
Gloom the future, and deep our despair;
Vainly for Freedom's dear boon did we languish,
Scorned were our pleadings, unanswered our prayer.

Voice unto voice in the darkness was calling,
"Watchman, in mercy, O tell of the night;
Are there no tokens that Liberty's morning
Ever shall dawn on our tear-burdened sight?"

And, when the shadow was darkest and deepest,
No bright star's rays our crushed spirit to cheer,
What light burst forth like the brilliant aurores,
What heaven-born music our raptured ears hear?

'Tis the watch-fires of Freedom, from hill to hill
Flashing;
'Tis Liberty's chorus so loud and so strong,
'Tis the shout of the free 'gainst the tyrant's
blade, clashing.

While lake, vale, and mountain the echoes
bring.

'Tis the bright bow of promise! O blest be the
token
It gives to the captive, now trembling with joy,
That never again shall the floods of Oppression
Ever cover the land and his freedom destroy.

God in His wrath to the nation hath spoken,
Lightnings have flashed and war's thunders
have rolled;
By His right hand have our fetters been broken,
And the dread knell of Oppression been tolled.

Shout, O my people, for Liberty's morning
Gildeth the mountains, illumines the vales,
All the broad land with its glory adorning,
Bidding you cease from your yearning and wails.

We have a country now, and a bright guidon,
Studded with stars on our pathway to shine,
It was the lever that lifted the burden,
Filling our souls with emancipated din.

Dear, we love it, the Star Spangled Banner,
Proudly we'll follow it 'e'en to death's door,
Guardian alike over cabin and manor,
Emblem of Freedom to us evermore.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
Glory to God! for the victory won,
Honor to those who the right have defended,
Through the long years since the conflict began.

O, may the prayers of those ready to perish
Quench the flames from harm like a girdle of fire!
Deep in our hearts their good deeds we'll cherish,
And to deserve them we'll ever aspire.

God! at Thine altar in thanksgiving bending,
Grant that our eyes Thy great goodness may see;
O, may Thy light, while the temple's veil rend-
ing,

Show, through its portals, the path of the Free.

COMMUNICATIONS.

All Articles appearing under this head are Original.

Celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment in the Fifteenth.

BY B. F. ROBERTS.

On Thursday last, the indications at early

noon told to those who were about, that some-
thing out of the ordinary course would be the
order of the day. Flags were thrown to the
breeze from the windows and roofs of many of
the dwellings of the colored inhabitants, and
here and there in the locality of the "west-
end" could be seen pedestrians in full military
uniform, or attired in a manner to show that
preparations were speedily advancing to the
completion of a grand celebration. At about
ten o'clock, on the arrival of the morning
trains, the streets in certain localities were
thronged by strangers, of all shades of color,
who came among us for the purpose of joining
in the celebration of the day. The procession,
under the marshaling of J. J. Smith, Esq., of
Boston, formed near the Public Garden, and was
composed of full delegations from various so-
cieties, returned soldiers of the 54th and 55th
Massachusetts regiments and five cavalry, and
a large number of civilians, representing
several cities and towns in the commonwealth;
and at twelve o'clock started, under escort of
"Second Battalion Massachusetts Volunteer
Militia," commanded by Major Gaul. This
battalion consists of two companies, "Shaw
Guards," Co. A, Captain Watkins, Boston;
"Schouler Guards," Co. B, Captain Furlong,
New Bedford. The soldier-like appearance of
the military elicited cheers from the populace
in many places as they passed along the route,
and much credit is due to Major Gaul as the
man who so satisfactorily conducted the long
and tedious march. Prominent in the procession
was the "Hancock Association" in car-
riages, under the marshaling of Samuel T.
Hancock—the carriage of its president, Rich-
ard S. Brown, Esq., a gentleman who has held
important positions in the Third Ward in this
city, (being once elected to the Common Council
by a majority of two votes, and cheered out of
it by some of our weak-kneed pretended
friends—for a long time a member of the
ward and city committee, and also Most Wor-
shipful Grand Master of Prince Hall Grand
Lodge), was drawn by four horses. Another
prominent feature in the procession was the
delegation of citizens of Cambridge, under the
marshaling of John J. Patal, Esq., with Cary's
Coronet Band; there were four or five carriages,
and about two hundred persons on foot. No
former procession in this or any other city has
ever turned out a better looking set of men than
this delegation from "Old Harvard."

Flags were flying from the cupola of the State
House, and one hundred guns were fired at
noon on Boston Common by order of his Excel-
lency Governor Claflin, who, with Secretary
Warren and Adjutant General Cunningham,
occupied carriages in the procession. Colonel
Hallowell, of the 54th regiment, Major Fox, a
number of captains and lieutenants, (including
two colored lieutenants—Retford and Depree),
marched at the head of the returned soldiers.
While the truth that all things are vain, a cir-
cumstance occurred in the arrangement which
showed that:

"Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet its snare."

Aged colored citizens were on foot and fati-
gued by the long march, and somebody must
have been accountable for providing a carriage
exclusively for the distinguished Thos. Rowan,
the ex-naturalization agent, to the disrespect of
old veterans who have spent nearly half a cen-
tury of their existence in our city, and by their
efforts helped frame and sustain the party that
has been so successfully instrumental in ac-
complishing this great event.

Freedom's Jubilee.

BY ELIJAH W. SMITH.

An Ode in Commemoration of the Ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
The battle, the victory won;
Still is the field where the armies contended,
Night's shadows fade before Freedom's bright sun.

Long had we waited, in sorrow and anguish,
Gloom the future, and deep our despair;
Vainly for Freedom's dear boon did we languish,
Scorned were our pleadings, unanswered our prayer.

Voice unto voice in the darkness was calling,
"Watchman, in mercy, O tell of the night;
Are there no tokens that Liberty's morning
Ever shall dawn on our tear-burdened sight?"

And, when the shadow was darkest and deepest,
No bright star's rays our crushed spirit to cheer,
What light burst forth like the brilliant aurores,
What heaven-born music our raptured ears hear?

'Tis the watch-fires of Freedom, from hill to hill
Flashing;
'Tis Liberty's chorus so loud and so strong,
'Tis the shout of the free 'gainst the tyrant's
blade, clashing.

While lake, vale, and mountain the echoes
bring.

'Tis the bright bow of promise! O blest be the
token
It gives to the captive, now trembling with joy,
That never again shall the floods of Oppression
Ever cover the land and his freedom destroy.

God in His wrath to the nation hath spoken,
Lightnings have flashed and war's thunders
have rolled;
By His right hand have our fetters been broken,
And the dread knell of Oppression been tolled.

Shout, O my people, for Liberty's morning
Gildeth the mountains, illumines the vales,
All the broad land with its glory adorning,
Bidding you cease from your yearning and wails.

We have a country now, and a bright guidon,
Studded with stars on our pathway to shine,
It was the lever that lifted the burden,
Filling our souls with emancipated din.

Dear, we love it, the Star Spangled Banner,
Proudly we'll follow it 'e'en to death's door,
Guardian alike over cabin and manor,
Emblem of Freedom to us evermore.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
Glory to God! for the victory won,
Honor to those who the right have defended,
Through the long years since the conflict began.

O, may the prayers of those ready to perish
Quench the flames from harm like a girdle of fire!
Deep in our hearts their good deeds we'll cherish,
And to deserve them we'll ever aspire.

God! at Thine altar in thanksgiving bending,
Grant that our eyes Thy great goodness may see;
O, may Thy light, while the temple's veil rend-
ing,

Show, through its portals, the path of the Free.

COMMUNICATIONS.

All Articles appearing under this head are Original.

Celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment in the Fifteenth.

BY B. F. ROBERTS.

On Thursday last, the indications at early

noon told to those who were about, that some-
thing out of the ordinary course would be the
order of the day. Flags were thrown to the
breeze from the windows and roofs of many of
the dwellings of the colored inhabitants, and
here and there in the locality of the "west-
end" could be seen pedestrians in full military
uniform, or attired in a manner to show that
preparations were speedily advancing to the
completion of a grand celebration. At about
ten o'clock, on the arrival of the morning
trains, the streets in certain localities were
thronged by strangers, of all shades of color,
who came among us for the purpose of joining
in the celebration of the day. The procession,
under the marshaling of J. J. Smith, Esq., of
Boston, formed near the Public Garden, and was
composed of full delegations from various so-
cieties, returned soldiers of the 54th and 55th
Massachusetts regiments and five cavalry, and
a large number of civilians, representing
several cities and towns in the commonwealth;
and at twelve o'clock started, under escort of
"Second Battalion Massachusetts Volunteer
Militia," commanded by Major Gaul. This
battalion consists of two companies, "Shaw
Guards," Co. A, Captain Watkins, Boston;
"Schouler Guards," Co. B, Captain Furlong,
New Bedford. The soldier-like appearance of
the military elicited cheers from the populace
in many places as they passed along the route,
and much credit is due to Major Gaul as the
man who so satisfactorily conducted the long
and tedious march. Prominent in the procession
was the "Hancock Association" in car-
riages, under the marshaling of Samuel T.
Hancock—the carriage of its president, Rich-
ard S. Brown, Esq., a gentleman who has held
important positions in the Third Ward in this
city, (being once elected to the Common Council
by a majority of two votes, and cheered out of
it by some of our weak-kneed pretended
friends—for a long time a member of the
ward and city committee, and also Most Wor-
shipful Grand Master of Prince Hall Grand
Lodge), was drawn by four horses. Another
prominent feature in the procession was the
delegation of citizens of Cambridge, under the
marshaling of John J. Patal, Esq., with Cary's
Coronet Band; there were four or five carriages,
and about two hundred persons on foot. No
former procession in this or any other city has
ever turned out a better looking set of men than
this delegation from "Old Harvard."

Flags were flying from the cupola of the State
House, and one hundred guns were fired at
noon on Boston Common by order of his Excel-
lency Governor Claflin, who, with Secretary
Warren and Adjutant General Cunningham,
occupied carriages in the procession. Colonel
Hallowell, of the 54th regiment, Major Fox, a
number of captains and lieutenants, (including
two colored lieutenants—Retford and Depree),
marched at the head of the returned soldiers.
While the truth that all things are vain, a cir-
cumstance occurred in the arrangement which
showed that:

"Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet its snare."

Aged colored citizens were on foot and fati-
gued by the long march, and somebody must
have been accountable for providing a carriage
exclusively for the distinguished Thos. Rowan,
the ex-naturalization agent, to the disrespect of
old veterans who have spent nearly half a cen-
tury of their existence in our city, and by their
efforts helped frame and sustain the party that
has been so successfully instrumental in ac-
complishing this great event.

Freedom's Jubilee.

BY ELIJAH W. SMITH.

An Ode in Commemoration of the Ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
The battle, the victory won;
Still is the field where the armies contended,
Night's shadows fade before Freedom's bright sun.

Long had we waited, in sorrow and anguish,
Gloom the future, and deep our despair;
Vainly for Freedom's dear boon did we languish,
Scorned were our pleadings, unanswered our prayer.

Voice unto voice in the darkness was calling,
"Watchman, in mercy, O tell of the night;
Are there no tokens that Liberty's morning
Ever shall dawn on our tear-burdened sight?"

And, when the shadow was darkest and deepest,
No bright star's rays our crushed spirit to cheer,
What light burst forth like the brilliant aurores,
What heaven-born music our raptured ears hear?

'Tis the watch-fires of Freedom, from hill to hill
Flashing;
'Tis Liberty's chorus so loud and so strong,
'Tis the shout of the free 'gainst the tyrant's
blade, clashing.

While lake, vale, and mountain the echoes
bring.

'Tis the bright bow of promise! O blest be the
token
It gives to the captive, now trembling with joy,
That never again shall the floods of Oppression
Ever cover the land and his freedom destroy.

God in His wrath to the nation hath spoken,
Lightnings have flashed and war's thunders
have rolled;
By His right hand have our fetters been broken,
And the dread knell of Oppression been tolled.

Shout, O my people, for Liberty's morning
Gildeth the mountains, illumines the vales,
All the broad land with its glory adorning,
Bidding you cease from your yearning and wails.

We have a country now, and a bright guidon,
Studded with stars on our pathway to shine,
It was the lever that lifted the burden,
Filling our souls with emancipated din.

Dear, we love it, the Star Spangled Banner,
Proudly we'll follow it 'e'en to death's door,
Guardian alike over cabin and manor,
Emblem of Freedom to us evermore.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
Glory to God! for the victory won,
Honor to those who the right have defended,
Through the long years since the conflict began.

O, may the prayers of those ready to perish
Quench the flames from harm like a girdle of fire!
Deep in our hearts their good deeds we'll cherish,
And to deserve them we'll ever aspire.

God! at Thine altar in thanksgiving bending,
Grant that our eyes Thy great goodness may see;
O, may Thy light, while the temple's veil rend-
ing,

Show, through its portals, the path of the Free.

COMMUNICATIONS.

All Articles appearing under this head are Original.

Celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment in the Fifteenth.

BY B. F. ROBERTS.

On Thursday last, the indications at early

noon told to those who were about, that some-
thing out of the ordinary course would be the
order of the day. Flags were thrown to the
breeze from the windows and roofs of many of
the dwellings of the colored inhabitants, and
here and there in the locality of the "west-
end" could be seen pedestrians in full military
uniform, or attired in a manner to show that
preparations were speedily advancing to the
completion of a grand celebration. At about
ten o'clock, on the arrival of the morning
trains, the streets in certain localities were
thronged by strangers, of all shades of color,
who came among us for the purpose of joining
in the celebration of the day. The procession,
under the marshaling of J. J. Smith, Esq., of
Boston, formed near the Public Garden, and was
composed of full delegations from various so-
cieties, returned soldiers of the 54th and 55th
Massachusetts regiments and five cavalry, and
a large number of civilians, representing
several cities and towns in the commonwealth;
and at twelve o'clock started, under escort of
"Second Battalion Massachusetts Volunteer
Militia," commanded by Major Gaul. This
battalion consists of two companies, "Shaw
Guards," Co. A, Captain Watkins, Boston;
"Schouler Guards," Co. B, Captain Furlong,
New Bedford. The soldier-like appearance of
the military elicited cheers from the populace
in many places as they passed along the route,
and much credit is due to Major Gaul as the
man who so satisfactorily conducted the long
and tedious march. Prominent in the procession
was the "Hancock Association" in car-
riages, under the marshaling of Samuel T.
Hancock—the carriage of its president, Rich-
ard S. Brown, Esq., a gentleman who has held
important positions in the Third Ward in this
city, (being once elected to the Common Council
by a majority of two votes, and cheered out of
it by some of our weak-kneed pretended
friends—for a long time a member of the
ward and city committee, and also Most Wor-
shipful Grand Master of Prince Hall Grand
Lodge), was drawn by four horses. Another
prominent feature in the procession was the
delegation of citizens of Cambridge, under the
marshaling of John J. Patal, Esq., with Cary's
Coronet Band; there were four or five carriages,
and about two hundred persons on foot. No
former procession in this or any other city has
ever turned out a better looking set of men than
this delegation from "Old Harvard."

Flags were flying from the cupola of the State
House, and one hundred guns were fired at
noon on Boston Common by order of his Excel-
lency Governor Claflin, who, with Secretary
Warren and Adjutant General Cunningham,
occupied carriages in the procession. Colonel
Hallowell, of the 54th regiment, Major Fox, a
number of captains and lieutenants, (including
two colored lieutenants—Retford and Depree),
marched at the head of the returned soldiers.
While the truth that all things are vain, a cir-
cumstance occurred in the arrangement which
showed that:

"Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet its snare."

Aged colored citizens were on foot and fati-
gued by the long march, and somebody must
have been accountable for providing a carriage
exclusively for the distinguished Thos. Rowan,
the ex-naturalization agent, to the disrespect of
old veterans who have spent nearly half a cen-
tury of their existence in our city, and by their
efforts helped frame and sustain the party that
has been so successfully instrumental in ac-
complishing this great event.

Freedom's Jubilee.

BY ELIJAH W. SMITH.

An Ode in Commemoration of the Ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
The battle, the victory won;
Still is the field where the armies contended,
Night's shadows fade before Freedom's bright sun.

Long had we waited, in sorrow and anguish,
Gloom the future, and deep our despair;
Vainly for Freedom's dear boon did we languish,
Scorned were our pleadings, unanswered our prayer.

Voice unto voice in the darkness was calling,
"Watchman, in mercy, O tell of the night;
Are there no tokens that Liberty's morning
Ever shall dawn on our tear-burdened sight?"

And, when the shadow was darkest and deepest,
No bright star's rays our crushed spirit to cheer,
What light burst forth like the brilliant aurores,
What heaven-born music our raptured ears hear?

'Tis the watch-fires of Freedom, from hill to hill
Flashing;
'Tis Liberty's chorus so loud and so strong,
'Tis the shout of the free 'gainst the tyrant's
blade, clashing.

While lake, vale, and mountain the echoes
bring.

'Tis the bright bow of promise! O blest be the
token
It gives to the captive, now trembling with joy,
That never again shall the floods of Oppression
Ever cover the land and his freedom destroy.

God in His wrath to the nation hath spoken,
Lightnings have flashed and war's thunders
have rolled;
By His right hand have our fetters been broken,
And the dread knell of Oppression been tolled.

Shout, O my people, for Liberty's morning
Gildeth the mountains, illumines the vales,
All the broad land with its glory adorning,
Bidding you cease from your yearning and wails.

We have a country now, and a bright guidon,
Studded with stars on our pathway to shine,
It was the lever that lifted the burden,
Filling our souls with emancipated din.

Dear, we love it, the Star Spangled Banner,
Proudly we'll follow it 'e'en to death's door,
Guardian alike over cabin and manor,
Emblem of Freedom to us evermore.

Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,
Glory to God! for the victory won,
Honor to those who the right have defended,
Through the long years since the conflict began.

O, may the prayers of those ready to perish
Quench the flames from harm like a girdle of fire!
Deep in our hearts their good deeds we'll cherish,
And to deserve them we'll ever aspire.